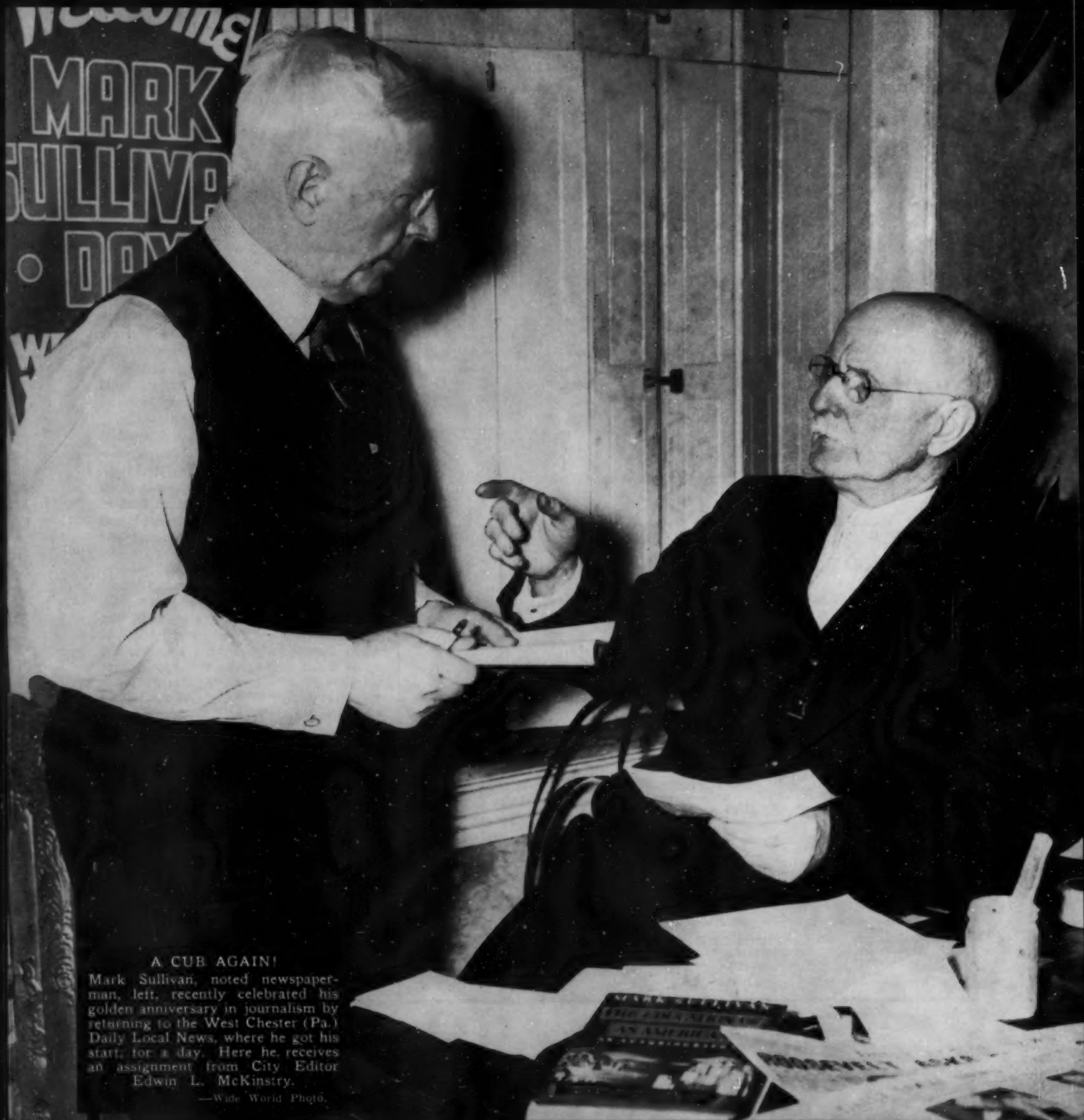


QUILL



A CUB AGAIN!

Mark Sullivan, noted newspaperman, left, recently celebrated his golden anniversary in journalism by returning to the West Chester (Pa.) Daily Local News, where he got his start, for a day. Here he receives an assignment from City Editor

Edwin L. McKinstry.

—Wide World Photo.

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



VOLUME XXVI **DECEMBER, 1938** NUMBER 12

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

HERE'S one of the most interesting newspaper yarns we've heard—one involving two men widely known in their profession today, Kenneth C. Hogate, president of the *Wall Street Journal*, a past president of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, and Stanley P. Barnett, managing editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Before going any farther, there's the matter of credit. We take the story from the always interesting *Magazine of Sigma Chi*, so capably edited by Chester W. Cleveland, one-time editor of *THE QUILL*. Chet Cleveland, it appears, had the story from the *New York World-Telegram*, where it appeared under the by-line of Douglas Gilbert.

The matter of credit taken care of—we'll now proceed with the yarn. The story opens on the campus of old DePauw University where Mr. Hogate and Mr. Barnett were fraternity brothers. The scene then shifts to Lorain, O., and to the office of the *Lorain News* where Hogate was working. An offer of a job in Cleveland tempted him—in fact he made haste to accept.

But—this being back in those days when there were often more jobs than men—Hogate couldn't report at Cleveland until he had found someone to take his place on the *Lorain News*. He sent an SOS to Barnett, then teaching in Richmond, Ind. The latter had never written a newspaper story in his life.

BARNETT showed up in Lorain a couple of days later and Hogate kept him "under wraps" for two weeks while he broke him in on the City Hall and hotel beats. At night, Barnett would write copy on the notes taken during the day and Hogate would tear it to pieces and put it back together again—coaching and teaching—teaching and coaching.

The two weeks up—Hogate took Barnett in to his boss as though Barnett had just stepped off the train.

"Where'd he work before?" demanded the *Lorain News'* boss.

"On the *Richmond Palladium*," replied Hogate, without a flicker of an eye.

"You'd better break him in," said the boss.

"He's such a good man I don't think we'll have to," was Hogate's comeback.

Apparently Mr. Barnett had no difficulty—due no doubt to his natural bent for newsgathering plus the able coaching of Hogate—for he went right on up the journalistic ladder until he attained his present post on the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The Press Faces the Future—

NEWSPAPERS, regardless of idealistic theories, are a business—a big business. They must have advertising to exist, and it takes readers to make advertising pay. So always you are going to have to keep a weather eye on the lineage figures and the circulation charts, whatever be your social ideals.

Since it is an audience we want and must have, let us discuss some of the ways that one may go about getting it. The movies, a product of the past 30 years, do it with glamor, drama and romance—all in the easy vehicle of pictures.

The radio is another competitor for our readers as well as our advertising dollars. What puts it over? Drama, action, romantic entertainment in another easy-to-get-vehicle—sound.

The picture magazines do it with action and drama; the news magazines with images, background, interpretation, clever writing in an intimate, gossipy style.

Even in our own columns our news is competing with drama. Who will deny that Gump and L'il Abner are more dramatic than a report on city taxes?

So my first rule is: Be dramatic!

THE average man thinks in concrete images. You tell him an abstraction and he's lost if he can't draw a picture across his brain. That's why the successful men of all time have talked in images, anecdotes, and parables. "Tell us a story" must have been one of the first sentences men learned to say.

The greatest teacher of all time, Jesus, knew this and taught his message for the ages in terms of images familiar to his crowd: "And behold a sower went forth to sow"—even city boys who seldom see the "full grain in the ear" can get that image. Shakespeare knew the power of images: "A goodly apple rotten at the heart: Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

Check up on all the great literature that endures and see how much of it is pure image or parable. It's a story the people want.

But we newspaper fellows are smarter than Jesus, smarter than Shakespeare. True, we have our stories to tell, but oh how we tell them!

Long years ago—so long that I fear we shall never be able to boil him in the oil he deserves—some journalistic oaf invented the diabolical rule of the first paragraph and its five W's—"who, what, when, where, why." And to this day the moronic descendants of this wretch ruin a great story by pecking out their letter perfect leads.

Instead of this dull, pattern writing, why not announce to the staff that if there ever was such a rule on the *Evening Howl* it is now repealed?

PERSONAL testimony is a useful Methodist doctrine. I can attest that one of the hardest jobs I ever tackled was to try to

By J. CHARLES POE

Executive Editor,
The Chattanooga News

get reporters to write with the dramatic touch they use when they rush into the office to tell of that swell yarn they picked up. Somehow fancy flees, romance dries up, drama dies when the reporter stares at his keyboard.

We should ask our reporters to put in all the lusty emotions: love, hate, fear, pride, anger, patriotism, wonder, terror, pathos, hunger, desire—for these are the things which stir men's minds.

News has many definitions, but one that will do is that it is "what people talk about." Fortunately, some of it is easily recognized even by the cub. A spring freshet washes out a bridge and the limited goes down with the loss of 30 lives; a baby is kidnaped; Congress votes a billion dollar bonus; Hitler takes Czechoslovakia; a King quits to marry his love. These things are dramatic enough in themselves. They need little embellishment.

But there are not many such stories. There remain the hundreds of gristmill items we grind out each day which carry no such dramatic highlights. What to do with them? If news is what people talk about, why shouldn't it be written so people will talk about it? Listen to dinner table conversation, loaf around where people gather. Keep your ears open. If people aren't talking about the things that were in the paper, then there's something wrong in the editorial department.

THE second rule I would lay down is that we should remember that each reader is going through the paper asking "How does this affect me?" "Where do I get

on or off?" The smart advertisers have learned this. So they dress up a pretty girl—or undress her—and tell us that "You, too, can be beautiful—use Blah's Soap." Even the old patent medicine ads knew how to bring them in with their personal appeals. "Here's what you want for that backache."

We should translate this personal appeal to our news columns. "This is a story that affects you." "Here is a yarn that will interest you." "You, too, can be a success, or make money or be more healthy"—or whatever.

The small town editor, if he is on his job, knows this. He is so close to his people he feels what they feel. The personal journalist of yesteryear knew where Mr. Average Man came in. He stopped by the feed store and learned that farmers were hit by low prices, dropped in on the postmaster, was told by the preacher of the state of sin in the community, learned from the doctor of the latest epidemic. The flavor of all this popped out in his news pages.

When men complained of the weather, the editor did too; when the problem of the poor and their relief plagued his neighbors, it plagued him too; when cows went dry, babies sickened, storms struck or ghosts prowled, the thing was so close to the editor he couldn't have dodged it if he tried. Gossip? Yes, but it is what his people talked about and lived by.

Of course, that was before newspapering grew up into a BIG BUSINESS, and editors sat behind push buttons and ate in cloistered clubs.

Today, the one time personal journalist is a corporation board whose names aren't even known across the street. Usually remote from their readers, they are interested in babies only when they are their own, in the weather when it interferes with golf; in crops only if it affects their gambling shares.

Is it any wonder that our readers get none of that sense of friendliness and intimacy that Clark Gable or Charlie McCarthy give them? That they read our papers for the funnies but lay them aside when the radio news commentator comes on? You can imagine my fury one night when my wife heard one of these guys through and then said to me, "Now, I know what it's all about."

WHAT I have said thus far is mainly a concession to the business office necessity for getting readers—and thereby to sell advertising, although I don't think we need apologize if we succeed in publishing an interesting paper. But newspapering is more than just a business. It was not for an anonymous corporation's circulation lists and advertising lineage that we modern democracies got freedom of the press. We DO have some mission besides entertaining moronic minds and sugar-coating a little information for dull adults.



J. Charles Poe

Freedom of the press was once the cloak for personal journalism of the most rampant political partisanship. The fearful names those fellows called each other! The awful half-truths and even lies they printed to advance their own or their party's causes!

But perhaps the pendulum has swung too far in the other direction. Now we see no personal journalism at all worthy the name, except by the columnists, who are about to steal the editorial page functions right out from under the noses of timid and complacent publishers. One of the cheapest editorial policies I know is that which hires a Frank Kent and a Jay Franklin to balance each other off and then refuses to have any noticeable policy for the paper itself.

And so we face a future for the press which may lead us we know not where. Of one thing we are sure, and that is that radio and television and facsimile broadcasting hold at least some perils for our business. These are hazards which we should take in our stride. What should concern us is:

What role shall the newspaper fill in the uncertain future which today faces mankind? Can we depend on our present freedom to print whatever suits the publisher to be forever accorded us by people who already may be wondering whether we serve the public interest or our own purses? I question it.

AS I have indicated, people like their leaders to feel a friendly interest in their affairs. Study those who lately have swayed the masses. A Huey Long promises to "share the wealth" and is translated into a national leader, absolute boss of a state. Roosevelt gives jobs to the workless, food to the hungry, bounties to the farmers, and the only way the Republicans can beat him is to promise more. Hitler and Mussolini promise bread and glory and lands and rob the people of their liberties.

Does this mean a breakdown in character of peoples? Are they willing to barter liberty for bread or a seat in the circus?

Let us not be too complacent. I suggest that the world as never before in modern times needs a spiritual rebirth.

Maybe the press is no better and no worse than its contemporary background. Maybe if it were too far ahead of its people it wouldn't stave off the sheriff long. Maybe the days of crusading journalism are over. That could well be, when we reflect on how some editors were wont all the time to keep the public whipped up to a fever pitch of excitement with some pet crusade. We can have cried "wolf" so often that now nobody believes us. Such rampant, everyday crusading lays a paper open to question as to whether it is reform or circulation that is being sought.

Democracy and freedom cannot survive where there is no power of public indignation and no channel in which that indignation can find an outlet. The newspaper is the best vehicle, usually it has been the only one, by which people could be informed when their liberties are attacked, the only source of information on how their democracy is working.

FOUR years have passed since the appearance in *The Quill* of a vital and challenging article entitled "Changing News Values in a Fumbling World"—yet we still hear references to that article as one of the most outstanding ever to appear in these pages.

This month we are happy to present again the author of that earlier article—J. Charles Poe, Executive Editor of the *Chattanooga News*—in another challenging survey of the newspaper scene. Mr. Poe's observations were delivered at the convention banquet of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, a few weeks ago in Madison, Wis.

Mr. Poe became a member of the *Chattanooga News*' staff in 1920 while still in college. He left to spend two years with the *Chattanooga Times* as a political writer, then returned to the *News* where he has remained since successively as telegraph editor, city editor and executive editor. He is a former director of the American Society of Newspaper Editors; Tennessee member of the Southern Policy Committee; member of the Southern Highlands Region Council and chairman of the Chattanooga Committee on Forestry and Conservation.

We have lately seen how determined men can trample sacred treaties underfoot, can take by force what they want and laugh to scorn the feeble protests of a world sudden bereft of faith and purpose.

Peace, a noble concept which we had thought almost enthroned in the hearts of civilized men, we have seen belittled as the refuge of weaklings. Depending upon Christian ethics which seem now to have failed us, we have seen nations turn to totalitarianism, tearing down our carefully built civilization and building their own new structure on its ruins.

The individual no longer matters in these dark spots; it is the state in the mass that must be served. Force and violence transplant reason and orderly discussion. Political expediency replaces law—and we have even seen the beginnings of this in our own land. Propaganda through press censorship and control replaces Truth. Narrow racialism replaces the concept of the Brotherhood of Man, and there is even a sadistic glee taken in the persecution of weak and defenseless minorities.

Yet we see half the civilized world ready to applaud such things and to acclaim as

heroes their perpetrators. And their controlled press leading the parade.

LET it be said right here to the credit of the American press, that we at least had a morsel of courage left, enough to condemn the British and French surrender to Hitler. But we couldn't go all the way. We wanted to say it with editorials and not bullets. We were ready to push Britain and France in to save a treaty we also were a party to, but we ourselves wouldn't dare call Hitler's bluff.

The spiritual rebirth we need means a reawakening of civic righteousness. Such rebirths don't come without leadership of a high moral character. That's where the press must come in, if it would save its own life.

Public opinion is largely in the custody of the editor. If he relaxes, turns his eyes away from his duty toward the fleshpots, then is the time that a jury is fixed, a sheriff bought, a mayor corrupted; then a contractor uses sand instead of cement; then is when labor rackets fasten their clutches on legitimate business; then high school girls and boys are dragged into vice's net; then the cornerstone of democracy is attacked by ballot stuffers; then dope and crooked gambling flourish and all manner of indecencies arise to plague us.

The only way to drive out rottenness is to drag it into the open, away from the slimy hands of the ward-healing fixer and the corrupt manipulator. And that is a job for the editor.

The only way to have decency in diplomacy, to put to rout those who would substitute force for logic and poison gas for discussion, is to bring diplomacy out into the open, expose it to the gaze of all and let the people see what is going on. There again the editor must function. Gone should be the days when a nation can wake up some morning to discover itself at war. Now, with our fine wire and cable facilities, news pictures even by wire and radio, and with the added facility of radio news broadcasts, public opinion is going to be better informed on world affairs and will play an increasingly important role in formulating policies.

Our moral fabric cannot forever endure if people are indifferent to real democratic government; if the successful politician is the one who promises the biggest pension or the most relief. To those who criticize the New Deal's reforms, we might suggest that they only came to fill long-felt wants of the people for security. If the newspapers could have sensed these longings, if local governments and private business could have filled these wants we would not today find ourselves complaining of W.P.A. political scandals and half-baked Townsend Clubbers. But, we have rarely heard the press setting up any clamor except the partisan plea to turn the other rascals out and let theirs in.

BUT mine is not a counsel of despair. Civilization is not losing out, in spite of all the signs that temporarily point that way. We shall come back stronger than

[Concluded on page 13]

THE QUILL for December, 1938

We Saw It With Our Own Eyes

Four Trained Writers Saw Same Sight But Each Saw It Somewhat Differently

By VERNON McKENZIE

DURING recent weeks I have read with unusual interest Kurt G. W. Ludecke's book "I Knew Hitler" and Lilian T. Mowrer's book "Journalist's Wife." Many of their chapters had a direct personal appeal for me as they described scenes in pre-Nazi and Nazi Germany which I had witnessed or, occasionally, in which I had participated.

One colorful episode in the rise to power of the Nazi party was described vividly in both books and, in addition, I have treated the same affair in my recent book, "Through Turbulent Years." It is the occasion—the only occasion—when the Reichstag was presided over by a Communist: the aged Clara Zetkin. My account of this dramatic Reichstag scene varies in several particulars from each of the others.

In Ludecke's account, Clara Zetkin is "carried into the Reichstag on a stretcher and propped up in the president's chair." According to Mrs. Mowrer "Clara Zetkin tottered in, supported by Torgler, head of the Communist party." In my account "Clara Zetkin entered, supported on each side by a girl Communist member." I wondered for sometime how these different versions could have reached print. I took occasion to find out the reason for some of these variations, and now

I am able to explain them: at least in part.

NEWSPAPERS are continually being accused of inaccuracies. From my examination of this instance, as well as many others, I think the error is often one of incompleteness, rather than inaccuracy. Each reporter sees a great deal which he has not the inclination or perhaps the space to include. A certain selectivity must take place, and there may easily be variation of opinion regarding the relative importance of various phases of an event. However, sometimes there are such definite contradictions that an explanation is difficult to find. I wondered, after reading Ludecke and Mowrer, whether my eyes had played me false. It could scarcely be my memory, as I wrote a 1,500 word newspaper article about this Reichstag session two or three hours after it occurred.

I wrote both Ludecke and Mrs. Mowrer. Now I have their answers. It seems that each of us is right!

The word "Reichstag" may be used to refer to the building, to the chamber where they held their sessions, or to the body of members itself. When Clara Zetkin entered the Reichstag building, Ludecke was in the outer lobby. Although I did not see it, I am



Vernon McKenzie

prepared to believe his statement that Clara Zetkin was "carried into the Reichstag on a stretcher." I was not able to see this part of the proceedings, nor was Mrs. Mowrer.

Mrs. Mowrer was seated so that she could see Clara Zetkin as soon as she entered the Reichstag chamber. I am willing to accept her statement that "Clara Zetkin tottered in, supported by Torgler."

The part of the gallery in which I sat had been allocated mainly to the overflow of newspapermen and women present. Clara Zetkin did not come into my vision until she had passed under the gallery, so when I caught sight of her (I still believe and contend) she was "supported on each side by a girl Communist member."

In the reporting of this event it was not a case of selection, but a case of reporting that portion of Clara Zetkin's passage from the outer door of the Reichstag lobby to the dais on which she was ultimately seated. Each of us chronicled, quite naturally, that portion of her journey which we were so placed physically that we could see. Each of us was right—but incomplete.

THERE are other minor discrepancies. In my version Clara Zetkin is "nearly 80." Ludecke has her 75. Mrs. Mowrer makes her 84. I do not know yet which one is right. Authorities whom I have consulted differ amongst themselves.

Ludecke says that Clara Zetkin was "propped up in the president's chair."

[Continued on page 14]

NEWSPAPER readers frequently ask why it is that no two newspaper accounts are the same—that names, totals, facts are just as different as there are newspapers covering the story. And just about as often a reporter is called upon to explain to the desk why his version differs from that of the opposition.

It all goes to prove, it appears, that no two people see the same thing alike. And the accompanying interesting article by Vernon McKenzie, head of the University of Washington's School of Journalism, veteran correspondent and the author of the widely read "Through Turbulent Years," a summary of European developments since 1919, shows that no four people can see a thing alike!

Author McKenzie has been spending his summers in Europe for a number of years, interviewing world figures, gathering up source and background material and managing to be on hand when interesting things were happening.



That Lively Young Fellow Carl Ed, Harold's Creator, Keeps Strip's Accent on Adolescence

By A. H. MEYERS

IN A little town outside of Stockholm, about the 17th century, there lived three brothers whose surname was the longest in all Sweden. It was so long that nobody, not even the owners, could say it in one breath. When the township began poking fun at it, the brothers had it changed legally. But in doing so, they made it the shortest name in all Sweden.

The villagers stopped their wisecracking when they learned that the boys' last name had been changed to ED, which means allegiance to the army in Swedish. And no wonder. In those days, a crack about the army entitled the cracker to a one-way ticket to the clink!

TODAY, a descendant bearing that abbreviated handle is Carl Ed (pronounced Eed). Carl, who is the creator of that popular comic strip on adolescence, Harold Teen, claims that his ancestors had nothing on him. For years, folks have been mispronouncing, among other things, his last moniker. It used to bother him at first, but not any more. But we're getting ahead of our story.

It's on record back in Moline, Ill., that Carl Frank Ludwig Ed was a right nice baby when he was born, and grew up to be an even nicer boy—polite, bright and neat in his appearance. You can credit Momma Ed for that. Carl, his mother used to say, was to be a minister like his Uncle Olaf, or at least a successful businessman.



Harold and Shadow.

Poppa Ed, who was a building contractor, wasn't so fussy.

"I'll approve of anything Carl makes up his mind to be, so long as it's honest," was John Ed's reply when friends used to ask him about his little son's future. Moline's model boy, who had a rep to live up to, usually dodged such family discussions. His only interest then was tracing comic characters from old newspapers. Had the elder Ed lived until 1919, he would have seen his offspring's tracings materialize into an original strip—read and talked about by millions. However, John Ed died when Carl was in his early teens.

WHEN he was 14, Carl became a freshman at Augustana College in Rock Island, Ill., and took an art course in addition to his regular studies. Encouraged by his teacher, Carl occasionally sent his works of art (political cartoons) to local papers back home. Soon he was experiencing the thrill that comes to all embryo crayon-wielders—seeing their stuff in print, not to mention the now and then check for services rendered.

Good, steady, white collar jobs were scarce when Carl graduated. The revenue he received for his art during and after his college days just about kept him in socks and shirts. So he got a job as a buggy trimmer. When he tired of trim-

ming buggies, he heated three-inch rivets in a railroad shop. Later he tested automobiles in the days when they all looked like covered wagons. He even worked as a timekeeper at the Rock Island arsenal. Between jobs, he met and married Ellen Schwack, a very pretty girl from Rock Island.

Marriage dumped a lot of responsibilities into Carl's lap, and he soon learned that two can't live as cheaply as one unless there are a few thousands lying around loose under the living room rug. Despite the small pay he received from the variety of jobs, he managed to continue his art career.

It was while punching a time clock as a billing clerk for the Moline Peoples Power Co., that Lady Luck finally gave him a tumble. Unknown to Carl, the editor of his hometown paper sent several of Carl's sport cartoons down to the World Color Syndicate in St. Louis. R. S. Grable, owner, liked the stuff and wired Carl to come to St. Louis and to bring his crayons with him. Carl did and remained there two years drawing a comic strip about a baseball fan called "Big Ben."

In 1913, Carl tried to get his salary boosted from \$15 per week to whatever he could get. He didn't get very far, so he returned to Rock Island, but still on the payroll. At that time, Carl was turning

NO comic strip is more popular with those of the 'teen age than Carl Ed's "Harold Teen"—and small wonder for here is a strip that breathes youth, that not only keeps in tune with youthful trends and fashions but usually sets them.

The story of the popular strip and its creator is told here by A. H. Meyers—a member of that rather rare species, a native New Yorker. Schooled there and in Louisville, Ky., he entered the Fourth Estate through its back door—advertising—on the New York Evening Graphic. Resigning two years later, he joined the advertising department of the New York News where he handled the preparation of copy, contacted printers and engravers, worked in the sales promotion division and edited the paper's house organ, "News Pix."

At present he is in the promotion department of the Chicago Tribune—New York News Syndicate.



A. H. Meyers

Named Teen!

out six daily strips a week. This arrangement left one full day in which to think up ideas, relax or run around the block. Carl decided to utilize those precious 24 hours by seeking additional employment.

SEEK and you shall find—and our hero soon found more than he was looking for. One day, he was calling on the editor of the Rock Island *Argus* in hopes of selling him one of his cartoons. Instead, the editor sold Carl a full-time job as a cub reporter.

From 1913 to 1918, Carl did everything on that sheet except the printing and delivery. After making good as a cub, he became a reporter, then did rewrite, was sports editor and finally became the city editor. In the interim, he developed another comic, a ball player of the "You know me, Al" type. It was called "Luke McGlue" and was widely syndicated.

All work and no play began to tell on young Mr. Ed physically toward the end of his stay on the *Argus*. His job as city editor and the work he was doing at home on his comic strips kept him busy more hours than there are on the clock. That kind of a routine will floor anybody in time, and Carl knew that he would soon have to make up his mind as to what he was going to be—a good newspaperman or a good comic artist.

He was giving his problem a lot of serious thought one day in the office when he got a letter from the Chicago *American*. Would he be interested in working for the *American* as its sports cartoonist? Would he? He took the job a week later, meanwhile discontinuing his own comic cartooning.

Any other up-and-coming artist would have been tickled brown with this present set-up. The pay was good and the hours not too long. But after a few months, Carl began to miss his first love—comics. So when he learned that there was a vacancy in the art department on the Chicago *Trib-*



Carl Ed

une, the roost of many top-notch cartoonists, he put in his bid and was hired. That switch marked Carl's first step toward big time.

CARL found himself in swell company, artistically speaking, on the *Tribune*. Among his co-workers then were John T. McCutcheon, Sidney Smith, Gaar Williams, Carey Orr, Herbert Morton Stoops and Ray Sisley. All of them gave the youngster the glad hand and Carl never forgot the advice they gave him.

The Armistice was only a few months old and army parades were still a novelty in Chicago, when Carl started working nights again at home on a new comic. His new one portrayed the antics of young folks of the 'teen age. He drew several pages of it, called the strip "Seventeen" and submitted them for approval to Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, co-owner of the Chicago *Tribune*.

After weeks of much nail biting waiting for a verdict, Carl decided one afternoon to see Capt. Patterson himself. Some 15 minutes later, he returned to his easel in the art department looking an inch taller and with two vest buttons missing. Yes, his comic had been accepted! Of course, some changes had to be made. Like the name "Seventeen" for instance. It might be confused with Booth Tarkington's popular novel.

Rechristened "Harold Teen," Carl's new

brainchild made its first appearance as a Sunday feature in the *Tribune* in February, 1919. Within three months, the *Tribune* made it a daily and Sunday comic. Today, Harold Teen appears in more than 200 papers!

However, the strip had a tough time in its infancy. It was slow in getting started and nobody (so he thought) cared one

[Concluded on page 19]



Harold and Lillums.

THE QUILL for December, 1938



Pop Jenks and Aunt Prunty.

Honored by Sigma Delta Chi at Madison Convention



George A. Brandenburg
National President



Raymond Clapper
National Honorary President



George Fort Milton
National Honorary Member

Sigma Delta Chi at Madison

By JAMES C. KIPER
Executive Secretary

SIGMA DELTA CHI, through the strongest professional program in its history and its amended constitution and by-laws, revitalized the fraternity's efforts to expand its services in the active field of journalism at the twenty-third national convention held last month at Madison, Wis.

The convention's program, based on the theme "The Journalism of Tomorrow," took invoice and weighed the value of present day practices in the newspaper field, and cited new trends in the improvement of the newspaper as a product and as an agency for the betterment of society.

In announcing to the convention the results of the referendum conducted this year, involving the constitutional amendments embodied in the so-called "reorganization plan," Tully Nettleton, chairman of the fraternity's executive council, reported 30 of the 41 proposals had adopted by the chapters.

Major amendments adopted include (1) the reclassification of membership, (2) a statement of policy in regard to employer and employe organizations in the field, and (3) a redefinition of the term "journalism" as applying to the membership requirements and function of the fraternity. The proposed amendment to substitute the word "society" for "fraternity" in the organization's name was defeated by five votes.

THE constitution as amended provides for four classes of membership: (1) Undergraduate—students members in Undergraduate chapters; (2) Professional—those members with at least two years

of actual experience in journalism and engaged in the field at any given time, and practicing journalists elected from the field by Undergraduate and Professional chapters (formerly alumni and associates); (3) Associate—professional members who have ceased to practice journalism for three years, but wish to retain their affiliation with Sigma Delta Chi (associate members may regain professional membership status upon resuming practice of journalism and submitting proof to the Executive Council); (4) National Honorary—one non-member of distinctive accomplishments in the field to be elected by the national convention only (no change made).

Undergraduate members may gain Professional membership two years after graduation by application and proof that they have been engaged that length of time continuously in journalism, as defined by the fraternity. Undergraduates who do not qualify for Professional membership will become known as Associate members.

The statement of policy placed in the constitution by the chapters' vote reads: "Sigma Delta Chi includes in its membership employers and employes, thus providing a common meeting ground for both. It has been the constant endeavor of the organization to improve the relationship between them, without commit-

lating his experiences to an informal policies of either."

The term "journalism" as redefined in the amendment "includes the following: The direction of the editorial policy of, the editing of and the writing for newspapers, magazines, press or syndicate services; professional or business publications; journalistic research; journalism teaching; radio news preparation; and, the preparation and dissemination of public information, excepting advertising." By this definition, and as always since the founding of the fraternity, the advertising field is left to other organizations. However, members of the fraternity engaged in the advertising field will retain their affiliation as Associate members.

The other amendments clarified the phraseology of the constitution, based on the reclassification of membership. Professional and Associate classifications take the place of "alumni" and "associate" membership under the old classification. The former "alumni" chapters are now Professional chapters, with only professional members holding offices in these chapters, but with Associate members having all other privileges of membership.

The by-laws of the fraternity were amended by the convention to conform with the terminology of the constitution.

THE more than 150 delegates and other members of the fraternity in attendance were guests of the host chapters, the University of Wisconsin Undergraduate and Madison Professional chapters, at a smoker Thursday evening, Nov. 10. Don Anderson, general manager of the Wis-

consin *State-Journal* and chairman of the committee on local arrangements, presided.

The convention was formally called to order Friday morning, Nov. 11, by William Ender, president of the Wisconsin chapter. Following a welcome by Dean Frank O. Holt of the University of Wisconsin, President Ralph L. Peters, roto editor, the *Detroit News*, took over the chair.

Discussion sessions were held Friday afternoon, Friday evening, Saturday morning and afternoon, with additional speakers Friday morning and Saturday evening at the traditional convention banquet. The subjects covered in the talks by speakers included pictorial journalism, the weekly and small daily newspapers, typography, Washington columns, press associations, journalism schools, general policy problems of the press, and challenges to young journalists and present editors to raise the standards and preserve the integrity of the press.

GEORGE F. PIERROT, director, World Adventure Series, Inc., Detroit, and former managing editor of the *American Boy* magazine, was the keynote speaker on the Friday morning session, giving an account of his journalistic experiences and sound advice to the student delegates in his talk, "If I Were a Cub Again."

The Friday afternoon and evening sessions were devoted to pictorial journalism, with the following speakers on the program: Jack Price, *Editor & Publisher* news photography columnist—"The Importance of Pictorial Journalism"; Jack Reilly, Chicago manager, Metropolitan Sunday Newspapers, Inc.—"Roto in Revolution"; Palmer Hoyt, manager, the Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian*—"Pictures in Daily Journalism"; William M. Moore, lecturer, University of Wisconsin school of journalism—"The Journalism School and Pictorial Journalism"; and Floyd G. Arpan,

instructor, Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University—"Training for Pictorial Journalism."

Saturday morning, Nov. 12, was devoted to a discussion of the future of weekly, small daily and large daily newspapers, with talks as follows: Will W. Loomis, editor, the *LaGrange (Ill.) Citizen*—"Are Weeklies on the Way Out?"; Stephen Bolles, editor, the *Janesville (Wis.) Gazette*—"The Newspaper on the Door Step"; Marco Morrow, assistant publisher, the Capper Publications, Topeka, Kan.—"The Newspaper I'd Like to See"; and Douglas C. McMurtrie, typography director, Ludlow Typograph Co., Chicago—"Modern Trends in Newspaper Typography."

THE journalism school and its future, columning and press association work were covered in the Saturday afternoon session. Raymond Clapper, Washington columnist for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance described the work and trials of a columnist in his talk, "Columns from the Capital—The Experiences of a Washington Columnist." Oscar Leiding, cable editor for *Associated Press* in New York, told especially of the handling of news from Europe in the recent crisis, in his talk, "Knitting the News Together." "The Future of the Journalism School" was the subject of a discussion by Grant M. Hyde, director, School of Journalism, University of Wisconsin, of progress made in teaching journalism and the future course of the work as seen by journalism teachers.

H. R. Knickerbocker, foreign correspondent for *International News Service*, kept listeners on the edges of their chairs at the convention banquet Saturday evening, speaking about his experiences in Europe and the Far East. His subject, "Assignment in Turmoil," proved highly appropriate. (We have it from the boys who were lucky enough to be up late that "Knicker" stayed up almost until dawn re-

lating his experiences to an informal gathering of delegates.)

J. Charles Poe, executive editor, the *Chattanooga (Tenn.) News*, speaking on "The Press Faces the Future," gave members of the fraternity a challenge to meet the ever-increasing need for high calibre in the news room, both as to preparation of news stories and interpretation of events.

Convention-goers were guests at lunch, Friday, Nov. 12, of the *Wisconsin State-Journal* and the *Capital Times*. Gov. Philip F. LaFollette of Wisconsin made his first post-election speech at the luncheon, telling the group "the beat of the feet of the unemployed is far more dangerous than all the propaganda coming out of Moscow or Rome." Gov. LaFollette was introduced by William Evjue, editor, the *Capital Times*.

Friday afternoon, from 4:00 to 6:00 o'clock, Theta Sigma Chi and Coranto journalism sororities entertained delegates at a tea-dance. Friday evening was "Sigma Delta Chi Night" at the 770 Club, University night club in the Memorial Union building on the University of Wisconsin campus.

GEORGE A. BRANDENBURG, Chicago correspondent for *Editor & Publisher* magazine, was elected president of the fraternity at the business session held Sunday morning, Nov. 13. Brandenburg has previously served as executive councilor, secretary, treasurer and vice-president in charge of undergraduate chapter affairs.

Other officers elected were:

Vice-president in charge of Professional chapter affairs: Willard R. Smith, Wisconsin state manager, *United Press*, Madison.

Vice-president in charge of Undergraduate chapter affairs: Elmo Scott Watson, editor, the *Publishers' Auxiliary*, Chicago.

[Concluded on page 16]

Named Vice Presidents of Journalism Fraternity



Charles E. Rogers



Elmo Scott Watson



Willard R. Smith

AT this writing, grass, not shrapnel slivers, is sprouting from the thousands of sand-bags stacked in London. There are a couple of inches of water in the miles of board-lined trenches in the parks where cockney and peer were preparing to jump to escape the bombs of World War II.

Phenomenon Number One of 1938, the Crisis, is officially over. The Home Office has issued instructions on how to pack the government-manufactured free gas masks, and warned citizens to keep them away from playful housecats or perverse infants.

Even Lord Beaverbrook, England's ace circulation-upper, has ordered his *Daily Express* to drop its warning "There Will be No War," and to seasoned readers of the London press, that is proof positive that no war will there be—right away, anyhow.

SOME day the Westminster boys will unbutton their memories and tell the world what really happened. But at this moment, American correspondents working in London could write out of their heads at least a couple of chapters of the inside story.

Better than that: Nine months ago they could have bet three to one against England's entry into a war over Czechoslovakia if they had been bold enough to write history before it unrolled.

It is easy to see now that the crisis began in March when Herr Hitler had successfully bitten-off Austria. In April, every American correspondent in London heard a member of the British Government declare in so many words that "Czechoslovakia is finished."

Though the statement was exclusive, it was strictly off the record. But unless the man who made it wanted it to be published in some form, he would not even have told his wife. At that time, it was about the most sensational bit of information in Europe. It specifically answered a question that was being asked in every Chancellery on the continent, with the possible exception of that in the Wilhelmstrasse.

But it meant far more than it said. It said that England would not fight for the Czechs, but it meant that France might also abrogate its pact with Prague, which would in turn allow Russia to refuse aid. And five months later all these things happened.

FURTHERMORE, those three words, "Czechoslovakia is finished," tossed off chummily in a London hotel, gave a definite explanation of several thousand which Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain had delivered to the House of Commons only a few weeks before, on March 24, the occasion of his important statement of foreign policy.

Mr. Chamberlain had told the House that Britain would aid France only in a case of "unprovoked aggression." Some friends of Czechoslovakia hoped that the Government would interpret that phrase loosely, to include aggression against Czechoslovakia, one of France's Central European allies. Of all the newspaper correspondents in London, only the American

London Gave Amer

John Bull Kept Home But Uncle Sam Knew

By ROBERT EISEN

could state without fear of contradiction that the Government would not so interpret it.

A month later, and only a week before the Czech mobilization of May 21, American correspondents were exclusively privileged to hear a more extended statement of British foreign policy—a printable "background chat" this time instead of an "off the record talk." In giving it, the speaker jeopardized his own position, one of the most vitally important in Britain, even though the interview was held secretly in a private house.

Its gist was that Britain definitely would not fight to aid the Czechs, partly for the reason that Whitehall was convinced neither France nor Russia could cross neutral or enemy territory in time to bring effective aid to Prague. It was also learned that in consequence of this view, the British Government was disposed to recognize the German claims for Sudetenland, for in the Government's opinion, Czechoslovakia as it was then constituted simply could not endure.

And it was stated that in H. M. G.'s opinion, the cantonization scheme for the settlement of the Sudeten problem, which would have turned Czechoslovakia into a collection of federated states on the Swiss model, might not be sufficient to remedy the situation, and certainly was not practical.

Five months later the British, the French and the Russians did recognize the German claims at Munich. Frontier revision, along the general line drawn by Herr Hitler on his famous Godesberg map ("in pencil, so it can more easily be rubbed out") was the solution adopted.

THE interview, with the identity of the interviewee more carefully shielded than it is here, was probably the greatest scoop of the crisis period, and it went exclusively to the Americans although foreign correspondents from every continental nation would have given their souls for it.

The story's transcendent importance was indicated in the House of Commons, where it was brandished in the face of no less a figure than Prime Minister Chamberlain, himself. One member of Parliament rose to ask whether it was necessary for Britons to read the American papers in order to know what their government was doing.

The government had committed itself to the American press on a subject which it had steadfastly refused to discuss publicly either to its own taxpayers or to interested Europe.

That literally "brought down the House."

That is not to say others had not guessed the results of the interview. It was common knowledge that Anglo-German friendship was Mr. Chamberlain's second most-favored dream, and that he would probably go to lengths inconceiv-

able at that time to prevent war with the Third Reich.

But the significant point is that the Americans did not have to guess. They knew.

IT was not until Sept. 11 that the Foreign Office even intimated that Britain might fight beside France and Russia if Germany attacked the Czechs.

That was a Sunday evening, an unusual day for a press conference in Whitehall. About 20 American correspondents found at least 100 foreign journalists waiting to be received. But the Americans were admitted immediately, and got a statement that on its face indicated a turn-about on the question of British aid to Prague. The catch was that it could not be used as emanating from the Foreign Office, official sources, or even semi-official sources. It was so carefully orphaned from Whitehall that it could be, and was, regarded only as a sop to those who believed that Britain should defend Czechoslovakia.

Only four days before, one of the most revealing journalistic events of the crisis, which supported this view, had occurred. It was the publication in the *London Times*, today the mouthpiece of a conservative ministry, of an editorial which somewhat blandly suggested that German domination over certain portions of Czechoslovakia was perhaps the solution of the Sudeten problem after all.

THERE is intense interest, we have observed, in the recent crisis in Europe, particularly as to what happened and flashed to an apprehensive world.

Last month *The Quill* brought you an article from the Associated Press, which told how the news came and also some of the experiences of individuals.

This month the scene changes to London where a correspondent for the European Edition of the *New York Times* tells readers of American newspapers were able to see what was happening than were the British people.

Eisenbach's jump from the Stanford University to the *Stanford Daily* during his senior year—of those things one might dream about but which never happen—after his graduation last June he was working for the *Herald Tribune*. Two months later he was an undergraduate days at Stanford, he worked for the *News* and one for the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

America the Lowdown

Home Folks Guessing Knew a Few Answers

ERT EISENBACH

The single fact that the *Times* printed such a statement was significant enough in the light of that newspaper's present communion with a conservative Whitehall. But the evidence favoring its authenticity was in this case very revealing, for the *Times* is owned by Major J. J. Astor, brother-in-law to Lady Nancy Astor, the American-born member of Parliament, more importantly, duenna of the pro-German Cliveden Set. Such government bigwigs as Lord Hailsham, Lord Londonderry, and Foreign Secretary Viscount Halifax are known to be members of this group, which meets on frequent week ends at Cliveden, Lord and Lady Astor's palatial home on the Upper Thames.

Perhaps because of the *Times'* connection with this group, the government denied the offending editorial in an official communique from Number 10, after receiving protests from many foreign legations in London. Some competent observers believed that the editorial was merely an attempt of the Cliveden group to sabotage British efforts at mediating a just settlement of the Sudeten problem by reassuring Berlin.

But the American correspondents, again, were in a position to know that this time Mr. Chamberlain saw eye to eye with the Cliveden group.

And they also were privileged to know that the Foreign Office handout on that Sunday evening was merely a part of

Whitehall's original disclaimer of the editorial. The *Times*, they could say without fear of contradiction, was speaking Mr. Chamberlain's mind to all the world, Berlin included.

WHY was the British Government so kind to American newspapermen? How was it that they were given exclusive information?

The answer seems to be that Great Britain had a direct interest in the United States. On Aug. 30 the American correspondents were unofficially informed by sources outside Whitehall that Downing Street had sounded Washington as to the American attitude should England be forced into war.

The story had broken as a "think" piece before that date, but its confirmation in London started a storm that would still make news.

There was discomfort, because the ball game was still on when the final score was boxed.

That fear did grip American correspondents here as the crisis became critical is not surprising, for until the signing of the Munich Pact, the juggernaut of doom might have rolled on any of those last September days. Newspapermen or not, all of the boys from home were Americans with no life and death concern with the fate of London. And so, while the natives called in at the local pub as usual, and trusted in God that they would be as unlucky in winning a direct hit from a German bomb as they were in picking Battleship to win the Grand National, many U. S. by-liners removed their families to safety.

Some wives and kiddies were shipped off before Chamberlain got to Munich.

The husbands and fathers stayed on to cover hell. When the story of that incredible month is finally written, the rush by the boys to get one of the American Embassy's 50,000 U. S. army gas-masks, will certainly rate a paragraph. And the sigh of relief from the assembled cablese artists in Ambassador Kennedy's Chancery office, when he told them of the arrival of two United States cruisers to aid in evacuating Americans, will be indescribable by anything less than a reversed vacuum cleaner.

HISTORY will say, however, that the American boys did not go as far as Lord Beaverbrook. When his policy of "There Will Be No War" was becoming slightly ridiculous, his managing editor called him to ask what to do. "Do what you like," his lordship is reported to have cracked. "I abdicate."

All who were here give thanks that the situation was mixed with this kind of fun.

Each night I went home along the Mall, which leads from Trafalgar Square to Buckingham Palace. On one side was Carlton House Terrace, where the German



Robert Eisenbach

Embassy is sandwiched between exclusive clubs and apartments. Whether by accident or design I could never learn, but façade-saving sand to keep a building from being blown to glory was not dumped all along the frontage, notably, not before the Third Reich's headquarters.

On the other side was something less ironically humorous. Under the trees of beautiful St. James's Park were hundreds of men digging trenches by the light of acetylene flares so that we might have some place to jump. Night and day the work was going on as "Big Ben was ticking peace away."

ON Sept. 30, it was all over. Chamberlain had come back from Munich with peace. But the average Londoner's attitude toward Americans had perceptibly cooled. We were not playing cricket by criticizing the settlement. "You wouldn't help, so you'd better not howl," they said.

Even the correspondents, who only a short time ago had enjoyed the confidences of men too important to name, were not immune. Just how bad we had come to smell, internationally speaking, was illustrated to me personally the night Chamberlain got his riotous welcome back to Downing Street.

Perched, ironically enough, on a pile of stretchers pushed up to a Foreign Office window facing Number 10, I heard him give his famous "peace with honor" message from a second-story window.

As he withdrew his head, and the crowd outside began singing, a buxom gray aged about 50 who had led the cheering from our section dropped her umbrella under our makeshift bleachers. After some scrambling, I recovered it for her. During the process, the crowd had switched from "Land of Hope and Glory" to the British national anthem, "God Save the King."

As I presented the lady with her umbrella, she glared balefully at my American get-up.

"Don't you hear what they are playing outside?" she said acidly. "Take off your hat, you . . . you foreigner!"

we observed, in regard to the background of early as to the manner in which the news was intensive world hovering on the brink of war. u an article by Oscar Leiding, cable editor of w the news was handled by that press service of individual foreign correspondents.

London where Robert Eisenbach, London cor- n of the New York Herald Tribune, tells why were able to get a better picture of what was ople.

ord University campus—where he was editor or year—to a newspaper post abroad is one out but which seldom happen. Three weeks as working in the Paris office of the New York r he was transferred to London. During his e worked two summers for the San Francisco o Chronicle.

Facts on Fact-Detective Magazines



A typical cover of Front Page Detective Magazine.

TWENTY years ago there was no such thing as a fact-detective magazine. Today there are about a dozen of them, sending a total in the neighborhood of two million copies to the newsstands of the country every month. The public's quick acceptance of this type of magazine has made it one of the lushest infants in the publishing business.

It is founded on a simple premise: Almost everybody is interested—academically at least—in murder, and in the pitting of the detective's skill against the cunning of the criminal. That's old stuff, dating back before Poe; but the fact-detective magazine does it with fact and not with fiction.

The crime actually happened! It happened at two in the morning in the huge stone mansion on McKinley Street in Paducah, Ky. The heiress was found breathing her last. Near her was a torn letter, a cigaret stub untouched by lipstick, and a neat little pearl-handled revolver with one exploded cartridge. To the lay observer it might have looked like suicide, but not to Inspector Flannery. Flannery's quick eye detected the clue that proved it was murder. Flannery's investigation into the victim's private life revealed that three separate persons might have had a motive to do away with her. And Flannery's dogged sleuthing, after chasing a number of discouraging false leads, finally meshed the diabolical killer in a net of evidence so secure that there was no escape. . . .

The heiress is real. So are the mansion, the clues, Flannery, the slayer himself. They've all been in the newspapers, and there are pictures of all the principals. And the fact that all this is true, that it actually happened on the 29th of last May, and that the killer is scheduled for electrocution next week, brings a thrill of

By
HUGH LAYNE
and
WILLIAM SWANBERG

reality to two millions of readers, many of whom never heard of Poe.

BUT if they've read it in the newspapers, why do they want to read it over again in the magazines? Because the local papers carried a day-by-day account of the investigation, each day's portion of which was partial and incomplete. Because, by the time the crime was solved (it took Flannery no less than two months) the readers were pretty hazy about the original details. And because the crime happened in Paducah, and the papers in Los Angeles, Bangor, and countless other cities didn't give it much of a play.

The fact-detective magazine waits until the newspapers have had their innings, waits until the judge has had his say, and then tells the story from the lethal bullet to the clang of the death house door, wringing every drop of dramatic suspense from a yarn that is as true as careful research can make it.

That is why so many of the steady contributors to fact magazines are newspapermen. They have the inside track. A couple of them even have a personal acquaintance with Inspector Flannery, and from him they can get intimate details of

EVER considered trying to break into the magazines? If you haven't, you might find your efforts in that direction both interesting and worth while.

A goodly number of newspapermen have broken into the magazines via the fact-detective magazines. For some, this type of magazine has proved a profitable sideline; for others the steppingstone to a career in magazine writing.

We are indebted to Hugh Layne, editor of Front Page Detective magazine, and to William Swanberg, editor of Inside Detective, for this article on the fact-detective magazines and the type of material they seek. Both magazines belong to the group published by the Dell Publishing Co., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Covers of Inside Detective Magazine are striking and bright.

the murder probe—details that add more reality, more truth, more interest. More than that, these newshawks are able to look into the official records and court testimony of the case, chat with the prosecutor, and get facts that even Flannery, himself, has forgotten about.

THE newsmen, who have been taking copious notes, so that there will be no mistake about any of the names, address and incidents, scurry back to their typewriters and begin their stories. If they are unwise or inexperienced, they will pound it out in an hour or two, writing it in cut-and-dried journalese, getting the sequence somewhat jumbled and even garbling a few of the facts. Then they will curse bitterly when their stories come winging back with polite notes of rejection.

But if they are in the know, they will approach the story with a fine sense of responsibility toward fact. They will spend three or four nights at it, putting in the color, the characterization, and the suspense that newspapers have no space for. They will polish off the final draft with care. They will secure every good picture available in connection with the case. Then they can send their stories off, feeling fairly secure that their labor and postage has not been wasted.

Both of them can sell stories on the same case. Different fact-detective magazines, like different newspapers, often print stories on the same case at the same time, if it is a "natural." For this reason, editors will pay premium rates, if they can get a yarn better than the one appearing in competitive magazines. They will look eagerly for a story with a different angle, or one that contains facts which were missed by other writers, and thus is in the nature of a scoop. Or they will pay more if the writer can get the detective who solved the case—Inspector Flannery him-

self—to agree to have the story told under his byline, in the first person. Many stories are published without this, but in this instance Flannery did such a bang-up job all by himself that the readers get a bigger thrill out of his actual story than a story merely about him.

The "official byline" practice has had some bizarre manifestations in the past. Red-handed killers and condemned cut-throats have, more than once, told their pathetic stories to the world. *Inside Detective* and *Front Page Detective* avoid such absurdities, still bearing in mind that perhaps the most sensational fact-detective story every published was "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," told by the fugitive himself.

HERE are a few major rules the writer can profitably follow, when writing a current fact-detective case:

First, query the editor to see if he wants the story. If he tells you to go ahead, don't let him down.

Make it real. The case is a real one—keep it that way. This doesn't mean it must be a dry case history. If the facts allow, the yarn can embody the approach, suspense and climax of fiction, but the facts must not be tampered with. The easiest way to enter an editor's blacklist is to give a phony twist to an otherwise true story, for the sake of effect—or to be careless about facts in any way.

Show the painstaking detective work as it unfolded, moving inexorably toward a solution. Maintain the suspense, the doubt, the wonder as to who actually committed the crime, as long as fact permits. Give the reader clues to work with. If you give him the slayer on page 1, he'll likely yawn and go out to the movies.

The Press Faces the Future

[Concluded from page 4]

ever. But meanwhile much valuable ground is being lost, and time is on the wane.

I believe in the essential goodness of people. I believe they will respond to any proper challenge to high and noble sentiments. If editors and publishers could recapture some of the old faith themselves, what a response they would get from their readers!

And it seems so simple for men who have had the ingenuity to build up million reader circulations.

Listen to this bill of particulars of what we can do:

1. Appeal to the dramatic, to the longing for romance in people's hearts. Tell them a living, moving story in images they can understand.

2. People want desperately to believe in themselves. They want to think that there is a destiny for them higher than their present state. So let us challenge this instinct, show them the way to serve their own ends by BEING somebody, by BELONGING to something, by SHARING in large affairs.

3. People want to think that life is won-

derful and glorious and mysterious. So let us in our newspaper stories reveal to them the awesome strangeness of life; the high adventure and romance that lifts us humankind above the beasts of the field.

4. People like to feel civic pride and patriotism. So let us appeal to the best in men by parading the history and destiny of our people before them, but not in a narrow racialism sense; let us play up the best things about our city and state and nation. In short, dress up and dramatize the old booster spirit.

5. Give the people the full, unbiased truth about the important affairs of life which any good citizen needs to know to make democracy effective.

6. Scour the town for every good picture available on the case.

And again, watch out for that slinky girl with the knees and the platinum blonde hair. Of course, she was in on the plot. She may have even suggested it. Everybody knows she's wearing sables now, and married to the victim's husband. But was it proved? Was she convicted? She was not. So she must remain, at worst (if the testimony permits this much) the innocent pawn of a red-handed murderer—if the murderer has been convicted.

7. Cast no slur on any character involved unless the court records fully bear it out. A man may be a killer, and everybody may know it, but he can still collect damages from the magazine that puts the label on him, if his villainy can't be proved, and he has not been convicted. The chances are that Jack Doe paid off the gunmen who murdered his wife, and that his motive was insurance, but woe to the magazine that suggests this until the law gets the goods on the scoundrelly Doe.

8. It's wise also to go easy on the platinum blonde, who wasn't an exactly innocent accessory to the slaying, but who displayed her silken knees so tellingly to the jury that they let her go. Stick rigidly to court testimony on that little lady, for she'll gladly sue for a million. The libel bugaboo is something that keeps editors awake nights, and they'll do a lot for a writer who protects himself and the magazine from a shyster suit.

9. If the story is a current one, get it in as fast as conscientious work will allow. If it's an older case, there's no hurry at all, unless startlingly new facts have been unearthed.

I BELIEVE people's tastes in news may be a little above our editorial concept of them. GOOD NEWS, it seems to me, is more apt to be talked at the dinner table or on the trolley than bad news. I think we overplay crime and accidents and violence. I think we seriously underplay success stories, adventure, romance, self-sacrificing service, personal experiences, the marvels of science and of life.

We MUST believe this else we could not trust the race to survive. Else we must wonder how it ever got this far. The smart editor, then, is the one who senses the human emotions that have driven the race on since time began. He is the editor who gives the people some of what they yearn for as well as some of what his editorial "wisdom" tells him is good for them.

It needs intelligent men and women to recognize these things to know how to seek them out, and then write and edit them properly for the consumption of this Average Man, who after all is not too smart and not too anxious or able to work any harder at his newspaper reading than is absolutely necessary.

Men and women want understanding and sympathy, they want a friend to hang over the garden fence with; or to sit beside their sick bed. Such a friend a smart newspaper could be if publishers would lift their heads from their advertising charts long enough to see Life as it really is. I believe so strongly in our destiny as a profession that I believe if this generation of newspapermen fails to grasp it, better men will supplant them and do the job.

AERICAN journalism has not been perfect, but it has been the best the world has seen. It is PRETTY GOOD as it is. In a day which sees the press gagged and censored in three-fourths of the world, it is a great comfort to contemplate our own freedom. But we must deserve this freedom and must use it fairly and with justice in the public interest. To do otherwise would be to risk its loss and to earn as our professional epitaph nothing more praiseworthy than "pretty good."

And there is no room for "pretty goods" in our competitive world. They are the ones who practice expediency instead of courageous truth, who yield to animal instinct instead of reason. The journalistic graveyard is their reward.

We must dedicate every talent we have to elevating the profession of journalism; to making "truth" our motto; to subordinating personal profit to the public weal; to educating and informing; to uplifting the spirits of men to the great causes of peace and goodwill among nations, to substituting civic decency for graft; to rekindling pride in America and her great free institutions.

"But we are not reformers," you say. "No," say I, "But we are dedicated to telling the Truth and we have not done it. We have given you cheap entertainment and claptrap and funnies and syndicated features and crime and dull, unimportant stuff with no breath of life in it. If we really did tell the truth, if we faithfully recorded the world as it is, perhaps such hideous things as are now happening in Europe could not have come about.

No, Truth has not failed. It is just that we have not yet learned to use it.

As old John Milton said: "Whoever knew truth put to the worse in a fair and open encounter?"

"For who knows not that truth is strong next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings to make her victorious."

How Do Weekly Editors Feel About Chain Stores

?

A survey made by THE AMERICAN PRESS gives the opinions of editors from 28 states on the Patman bill to levy a heavy tax on chain stores. The results of the survey have been quoted in *The New York Times*, *The New York Herald Tribune* and leading advertising trade papers.

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We Saw It With Our Own Eyes

[Continued from page 5]

I did not get this impression. According to Ludecke, Clara Zetkin spoke for "a never-ending half hour." Mrs. Mowrer says "she spoke for exactly 55 minutes." In my version "Frau Zetkin spoke for nearly 40 minutes." I suppose readers will have to take their choice. I admit I did not time the talk with a stop-watch.

One human interest episode escaped Ludecke, as it is of a type which appeals more definitely to an American journalist. Here is the Mowrer version: "When she sat down, Goering, looking almost young and debonnaire, hopped up in her place. 'Das kommt nur einmal,' he quoted from a popular ditty, amid roars of laughter. . . ." According to McKenzie: "As Frau Zetkin tottered down the steps, Herr Frick (later Nazi Minister of the Interior) sang out a paraphrase of the two lines from Lillian Harvey's popular song: 'It comes but once, Clara; it can never happen again.'

If someone tells me that I inserted the word "Clara," I won't dispute it. It seemed to me to make the news story clearer for the reader, to use her name. I did not actually hear it, but there was so much confusion that I am not sure that it was not used.

Note one important difference in this instance: according to Mrs. Mowrer, Goering relieved the strain, amid gales of laughter which swept all parties; according to McKenzie it was Frick. All I can say about this is that I inquired the identity of the melodious Reichstag member from my friend and confrere, Carl Boehmer, (now a Nazi propagandist) who sat next to me.

Now, perhaps none of these differentiations is important. But it has been for me an interesting illustration of reportorial variations and contradictions. There is not much use explaining to readers how differences (or inaccuracies) occur. It does seem important that each reporter should be interested enough to check version against version, and achieve the maximum of accuracy—and completeness—that is humanly possible.

HERE are the three versions:

From Lilian T. Mowrer's "Journalist's Wife," pp. 276-277. (William Morrow & Co.)

"Parliament grew daily more like a bear garden, for a recent election had swelled the brown-shirt ranks, and they rejoiced in discrediting parliamentary tactics

and using the results to prove the futility of popular rule. As practiced in Germany it was certainly not very effective, but nothing could have been quite so incongruous as the scene on the opening Session of September, 1932. According to the rules of procedure, the oldest member, irrespective of party, presided over the first meeting, in which the President of the Chamber was elected. Taking advantage of this fact the Communists had brought, all the way from Moscow, that old revolutionary, Clara Zetkin, who leapt at the chance of exploiting her seniority.

"I simply must go and see the old girl," I told Edgar, remembering her fiery appeals at Leghorn, more than ten years before. She had seemed terribly aged then, but agitators apparently thrive on ferment.

"Edgar rarely went to the Reichstag: it was always too late to cable when the session finished; he preferred to read the official gazette—and rely on me for the 'theatre'! The Reichstag that day was jammed; everyone expected a scene, for there were 230 Nazi members and it seemed unlikely that such an occasion would pass off quietly.

"When Clara Zetkin tottered in, supported by Torgler, head of the Communist party, I did not think she would be able to stand alone on the platform. She was 84, a frail little creature, whom the Nazis openly referred to as a 'dirty old hag,' while her friends called her a 'saint whose life has been dedicated to the cause of humanity.'

"Amid breathless silence (for the Nazis had passed the word for no interruptions), the old lady was assisted to her place. A brief formality, then she rose to speak. And she spoke for exactly 55 minutes! Lashing out at the Nazis in a fury of vituperation, she called them murderers and worse, and made an impassioned defense of Marxism. There was no need for Torgler's supporting arm: she stood alone and her quavering voice echoed round the rafters. In the end she defeated her own purpose, for it was all too violent, too extreme; only her courage commanded respect.

"When she sat down, Goering, looking almost young and debonnaire, hopped up in her place. 'Das kommt nur einmal,' he quoted from a popular ditty, amid roars of laughter; and with the backing of his own partisans and the German

Nationals he was elected to the Chair."

FROM: Kurt G. W. Ludecke's "I Knew Hitler," pp. 443-444. (Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Three days earlier, the new Reichstag had convened under grotesque circumstances. It was customary for the oldest member to act as provisional president until the permanent president was elected. The honor devolved on 75-year-old Clara Zetkin, a Communist deputy, who left her sickbed in Moscow for the Occasion. She was carried into the Reichstag on a stretcher and propped up in the president's chair.

"What followed was heroic from one viewpoint, but a ghastly tragedy in the eyes of the majority. For a never-ending half-hour an uneasy house listened in silence to a haggard old witch stammering out a shaky appeal for world revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. The moment she was carried out, commotion broke loose in hall and galleries.

"Balloting for the permanent president ensued. Paul Loebe, the bespectacled, sly little Sozi who had clung to the Reichstag presidency for 12 years, had to make way for a brown-shirted, blurring Nazi colossus—Capt. Hermann Wilhelm Goering."

FROM: Vernon McKenzie's "Through Turbulent Years," pp. 33-35. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)

"For exactly three hours on the afternoon of 30th August 1932 the German Reichstag was presided over by a Communist, Clara Zetkin. Frau Zetkin represented a party which would have been banned if the Government had dared. Yet, as the oldest member in point of years, it was her constitutional right to occupy the presidential dais. She took full advantage of the opportunity.

"On the stroke of three Clara Zetkin entered, supported on each side by a girl Communist member. Her progress was slow and halting. She had flown from Moscow solely to participate in the session. A life-long revolutionist, her nearly 80 years seemed to crush her racked body. As she mounted the steps to the presidential chair she leaned heavily on her cane. In a feeble, almost inaudible voice, which at times broke into a strident squeak, she called the assembly to order. The heavy brass bell which she rang to bring the members to attention seemed almost too heavy for her frail arms.

"After some perfunctory opening sentences her voice gained power and—for her enemies—venom. She attacked each lead-

ing party in succession, starting with her most vigorous opponents, the German National Socialist Workers' Party (Nazis). She flayed Hitler and his aims. Hitler, not being a Reichstag member, was not present, but by pre-arrangement his 230 adherents took her tongue-lashing stolidly and with outward indifference.

"Frau Zetkin spoke for nearly 40 minutes. Several times she had to stop and take a sip of water, mop her brow, or wait for a resurgence of strength. At such times she was just a pitiable old woman. Then she would put aside her cane, brace both hands on the desk, and her tired old eyes once more would flash fire. Her voice rose to a crescendo of vigor and fury as she reached her peroration and declared that only in the Third International was there hope for Germany and the World.

"She slumped to her chair amid the thunderous handclapping and shouts of the eighty-odd Communist members. Seldom had they had an opportunity to applaud. They made the most of it. Nazis and all others sat silent and tight-lipped.

"Then the Reichstag proceeded with the chief business of the day, the election of a permanent president (speaker). Three were nominated, a Nazi, a Social-Democrat, and a Communist. The fiery Communist who placed his leader in nomination ended his speech with a defiant shout to the effect that, on the second ballot—if one were required—his party would throw their votes to a Social-Democrat, rather than see a Hitlerite in the chair. A tedious roll call then began, each of the 587 members present (out of a membership of 607) walking to the front of the assembly hall and casting his ballot personally.

"The result was announced. The Nazi nominee, Goering, had won. There were tumultuous shouts from the Brown Shirts.

"Erect, cane discarded Frau Zetkin summoned him to come forward. She was nearly 80, a veteran revolutionist. He was not 40, a war pilot of renown, possessor of the highest award for valor that a German can win, a former comrade of the redoubtable Richt-hofen, and last commander of the 'Red Circus.' The exchange of presidents might have taken place in tense gloom. It was achieved amid gales of laughter that swept all parties. As Frau Zetkin tottered down the steps, Herr Frick (later Nazi Minister of the Interior) sang out a paraphrase of two lines from Lillian Harvey's popular song:

"'It comes but once, Clara.
It can never happen again.'"

Note: Mrs. Mowrer may be able to convict me of definite inaccuracies in several places. It is not my purpose to show any definite inaccuracy of hers, but I must point out that she has been misled, or at least misleads the reader, when she says: "When (Clara Zetkin) sat down, Goering . . . hopped up in her place." Between the time that Clara Zetkin delivered her address and the time when Goering walked up to the rostrum as presiding officer, approximately two hours elapsed. This time was taken up by the voting for the permanent presiding officer. Goering did not immediately take Clara Zetkin's place. Frau Zetkin finished her talk around 4:00 o'clock and it was on the stroke of 6:00 that Goering was elected.

STILL more recently, I have read Douglas Reed's book "Insanity Fair," and his version is different from any one of the others. Reed was—and I believe still is—a correspondent of the *London Times*.

Reed has made an important error. His version is perhaps the most colorful of the four (incidentally I wish I could write as well as Douglas Reed!) but he has, by some peculiar twist of memory, combined what happened at the two sessions, Aug. 30 and Sept. 12. There has not yet been time to hear from Reed, so I haven't his explanation. Clara Zetkin presided over the first three hours of the Aug. 30 session. Goering did not immediately walk up to the dais—not until he was elected, at about 6:00 o'clock. The Reichstag was then adjourned, for 13 days. The pandemonium dissolution affair occurred Sept. 12.

Books and Authors

Stuart Hodgson succeeded A. G. Gardiner as editor of the *London Daily News* in 1921, and from 1931 to 1937 wrote editorials for the *London News-Chronicle*. In 1937 he "retired," that is, until 1938, when he wrote a quick, journalistic life of Neville Chamberlain, giving in swift flashes the story of the British Prime Minister's life and background, and revealing in his concluding chapters the spectres which haunted Munich, and the dangers which seem more imminent now than when he wrote his book, "The Man Who Made the Peace" (Dutton). "The world is far enough yet from securing the peace for which Chamberlain labored," writes Mr. Hodgson. "That is shown by his insistence on the need of rearmament. What he won, apart from the respite from immediate war, was the opportunity of escape from the miasma swamp of the post-war years. That is all he has claimed." . . . Mr. Hodgson is the author also of "Portraits and Reflections," "A Liberal Policy for Industry," etc.

Recognized by Fraternity at Annual Convention



Palmer Hoyt
Treasurer



Albert W. Bates
Awarded Wells Key



Irving Dilliard
Secretary

Sigma Delta Chi at Madison

[Concluded from page 9]

Vice-president in charge of Expansion: Charles E. Rogers, director, Department of Industrial Journalism, Kansas State College, Manhattan.

Secretary: Irving Dilliard, editorial writer, St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch*.

Treasurer: Palmer Hoyt, manager, the Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian*.

Executive Councilors: Oscar Leiding, cable editor, the *Associated Press*, New York City; Barry Faris, editor-in-chief, *International News Service*, New York City; North Bigbee, free lance author, Dallas, Texas; and Chilton R. Bush, director, Division of Journalism, Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

Raymond Clapper was elected honorary national president, and George Fort Milton, editor of the *Chattanooga (Tenn.) News*, was elected to national honorary membership in the fraternity.

ALBERT W. BATES of the public relations department of Swift & Company, Chicago, was awarded the Wells Memorial Key for distinguished service to the fraternity. Bates served for five years as executive secretary of the organization and last year was chairman of the central committee which drew up the constitutional amendments designed to strengthen the professional character of the fraternity.

The University of Oregon chapter won the F. W. Beckman Chapter Efficiency contest trophy, ranking first among the 41 chapters as to general efficiency, character of membership and value of its program. Four chapters—Marquette, South Dakota State, Stanford and Washington—tied for second place. Other chapters ranking

among the first ten were: North Dakota, Penn State, Kansas, Grinnell and Northwestern. The trophy is presented annually by F. W. Beckman, editor, the *Farmer's Wife* magazine, St. Paul.

Showing 89.74 per cent of its graduates of the past five years actively engaged in journalism, the Stanford chapter won the K. C. Hogate Professional Achievement plaque for the second consecutive year. The Syracuse chapter, with 81.81 per cent ranked second, and Penn State placed third with 77.86 per cent.

The 1939 convention was awarded the Stanford Undergraduate and San Francisco Professional chapters. Tentative dates for the meeting have been set for sometime during the last two weeks of August. All west coast chapters will cooperate, and it is planned to meet at least one day in Los Angeles where the University of Southern California Undergraduate and Los Angeles Professional chapters will entertain the delegates and other members.

FOR failure to meet with the general requirements of the fraternity, and to be represented at convention by an official delegate, the University of Iowa chapter was suspended by action of the Executive Council. Interested professional and associate members of the chapter are investigating the causes for its failure and hope to rehabilitate the chapter to avoid expulsion from the fraternity. The Iowa chapter was established in 1912.

The convention adjourned at 11:45 Sunday morning, Nov. 13, following the induction of new officers and observance of the

service of remembrance for members who had died since the previous convention.

Ralph L. Peters was reappointed editor of *THE QUILL*, and the writer as executive secretary in charge of national headquarters.

Much credit for the success of the meeting is due Frank Thayer, University of Wisconsin school of journalism and faculty adviser of the chapter; William A. Ender, president of the Wisconsin chapter, and Don Anderson, chairman of the local arrangements committee, as well as all the committee members: Dewey Dunn, managing editor, the *Capital Times*; Walter A. Frautschi, vice-president, Democrat Printing Co.; Grant M. Hyde, director, School of Journalism, University of Wisconsin; William A. Sumner, Department of Agricultural Journalism, University of Wisconsin; Carl Zielke, manager, Wisconsin Press Association; and Williard R. Smith, Wisconsin state manager, *United Press*.

Registered Delegates and Visitors

Undergraduate Delegates

BUTLER—William K. Mitchell
COLORADO—Dolph M. Chaney
CORNELL—John H. Gray
DEPAUW—Charles P. Harbottle
DRAKE—Paul F. Morrison
FLORIDA—L. Edward Vause
GEORGIA—Eugene Phillips
GRINNELL—Robert Schutt
ILLINOIS—Marlin Landwehr
INDIANA—Thomas Buck
IOWA—
IOWA STATE—Robert Crossley
KANSAS—Louis R. Fockele
KANSAS STATE—Joe W. Newman
L. S. U.—George Betts, Jr.
MARQUETTE—Robert Kvidera
MICHIGAN—Edward Magdol
MINNESOTA—Arthur Naftalin
MISSOURI—John F. Hartzell
MONTANA—Philip Payne
NEBRASKA—Bruce Campbell
NORTH DAKOTA—Kenneth M. Schlasinger
NORTHWESTERN—Kernit Rudolph

THE QUILL for December, 1938

Members of Executive Council of Sigma Delta Chi



Chilton Bush



Barry Faris



Oscar Leiding

OHIO STATE—Irvin Eubanks
OHIO U.—Wm. J. Benkert
OKLAHOMA—John Lokey
OREGON—Hubard Kuokka
OREGON STATE—Edward Burchell
PENN STATE—Dean C. Miller
PURDUE—R. N. Gilbert
S. CALIF.—Kenneth L. Adam
S. DAKOTA STATE—Robert Smith
S. M. U.—O. K. King, Jr.
STANFORD—Melville Jacoby
SYRACUSE—Scott M. Cutlip
TEMPLE—Caleb de Cou
TEXAS—Ernest Sharpe
WASHINGTON—Curtis Barnhard
WASHINGTON & LEE—George Goodwin
WASHINGTON STATE—Robert Miller
WISCONSIN—William A. Ender

Professional Chapter Delegates

CHICAGO—E. S. McKay, 11th Floor, 231 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
CHAMPAIGN-URBANA—O. C. Leiter, School of Journalism, U. of Ill., Urbana, Ill.
NORTHERN INDIANA—Donald D. Hoover, Northern Indiana Public Service Co., Hammond, Ind.

Chapter Representatives Other Than Official Delegate

GEORGIA—E. M. Howell, Jr., Charlie Collins, Vincent Jones, John Pye
ILLINOIS—James W. Ingram
IOWA STATE—John E. van der Linden, A. Louis Champlin, Jr., Rodney Fox, Francis Byrnes, Parry Dodds, Robert Swatosh
KANSAS—Harold E. Addington, William Tyler, John J. Kistler, Adviser
KANSAS STATE—Hillier Kriehbaum, Adviser
LOUISIANA STATE—Walter F. Schubert, C. R. F. Smith, Adviser
MARQUETTE—Joe Manning
MISSOURI—George J. Schulte
NORTH DAKOTA—Bert Timm, R. T. Asleson, Thomas Cleveland, G. Bjorn Bjornson, Adviser
NORTHWESTERN—Floyd G. Arpan, Adviser
OKLAHOMA—Paul Murphy, Dale Simpson
SOUTH DAKOTA STATE—Charles A. Cleveland, Mason Ely, Jack Hagerty, Jack Hayes, Irwin Johnson, Marion Lucca, Robert Oddy, Woodrow Wentzy, H. S. Hepner, Adviser, Thomas C. Ryther (faculty)
WISCONSIN—Edward B. Anderson, James W. Bennett, Sydney Jacobson, R. S. Johanson, Roger W. Le Grand, Wade H. Mosby, Theodore J. Reiff, George Robbins, Gordon A. Sabine, Carl Schroeder, Arthur Wichern, Frank Thayer, Adviser

Visitors

Don Anderson, Madison Professional chapter; F. J. Bolender, Madison Professional chapter; C. Carlton Brechler, Madison Professional; Eugene R. Clifford, Fon du lac (Wis.) Commonwealth Reporter; Frank Davies, Madison Professional; Julian P. Fromer, Madison Professional; Maurice R.



North Bigbee

Haag, Madison Professional; Robert C. Heyda, Chicago Professional; Grant M. Hyde, Madison Professional; John L. Meyer, Chicago Professional; William M. Moore, Madison Professional; Fred Warner Neal, (Michigan '38); Ralph Norman, Mich. State College, Dept. of Publications; Harry J. Strief, Jr., Chicago Professional; Leonard Westrate, visitor from Michigan State College; Elmer E. White, visitor from Michigan State College

JAMES CHANCELLOR LEONHART (Columbia '25) is director of journalism at Baltimore City College, Baltimore, Md. With the assistance of five classes in journalism, he produces *The Collegian*, student weekly newspaper, and *The Green Bag*, student annual. Mr. Leonhart, who has been a City College teacher since 1926, is directing and editing a 224-page book, *One Hundred Years of the Baltimore City College (1839-1939)*.

Editor-in-charge and special writer for the Stockton (Calif.) *Labor Journal* and the Modesto (Calif.) *Farmer-Labor Journal* is the dual job of ROBERT MARSHALL (Minnesota '38).

GRAHAM HOVEY (Minnesota '38) is reporting for the Waterloo (Ia.) *Courier*.

News announcer for radio station KSTP, Twin Cities, is FORREST JENSTAD (Minnesota '38), president of the Minnesota chapter last year.

C. HART SHAAF (Michigan '25) is in Stockholm, Sweden, working on his doctoral dissertation, which deals with Swedish political parties. He expects to receive the Ph.D. degree early next year.

WILLIAM JENSEN (Iowa State '36) is a new instructor in the department of journalism at the University of Kansas.

The Temple (Texas) *Telegram*, edited by WALTER R. HUMPHREY (Colorado '25) received the highest award of the Southwest Newspaper Contest held at the Texas State Fair at Dallas—first place for general excellence of dailies in towns over 10,000 population. This is the fourth consecutive first place won by the *Telegram* in newspaper contests held in Texas. The three previous contests were state-wide while the 1938 fair contest was regional, with dailies from five southwestern states being entered.

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AS WE VIEW IT

Patriotism Reborn!

THERE was a time when Americans were proud of the nation's past; when they knew the exploits of the heroes who had made the present possible; when they read and reveled in the adventures of explorers who penetrated the wilderness, of the pioneers who pushed after them and of the hardy souls who established law and order.

Somewhere, somehow, along the pathway of the last few years, particularly the '20's, this heritage seems to have been dissipated, along with other spiritual and financial heritages, in the heedless, lavish pre-depression days and the somber period that followed.

Unless the remnant is carefully husbanded, intelligently cultivated and made to flourish again, America and Democracy will be the worse.

WRITING in the November issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Howard Mumford Jones, Professor of English at Harvard University, points out that the totalitarian states have been busy making patriotism glamorous while America's patriotism has been worn thin, if not rubbed entirely off.

We have been busy debunking American history, he continues, while Germany, Italy and Russia have been manufacturing heroes, staging almost perpetual celebrations and parades and in every way endeavoring to instill a sense of pride in their respective states.

Prof. Jones does not suggest nor want an "unhistorical history or legends marked 'Approved by the Bureau of Propaganda, Washington, D. C.'" "But," he continues, "in our enthusiasm for depicting history in terms of social movements and economic forces we have omitted most of the thrilling anecdotes and the romance of personal endeavor. We have modernized American History so thoroughly that John Smith, Thomas Jefferson and Buffalo Bill are made to behave as if they were members of the Kiwanis Club looking for better business sites."

He adds that if America really wants to believe in political democracy, the people need to be told over and over again what pain and suffering it has cost. And this must be told, he points out, in the form of human drama "so that the history of liberty may become a living tradition."

"And if we do not have a patriotic renaissance," he concludes, "reviving the history of liberty as a living faith, how shall we combat an alien mythology of race, militarism and brute force?"

HEREIN, we feel, lies a real job for the writing men and women of America—for the newspapers, magazines, the movies, the stage and radio. A crusade, if we might use that overused and much abused term, in behalf of a restored pride in the American panorama—past, present and future.

We are not advocating a return to the ponderous, mouthy Fourth-of-July type of pseudo-patriotism that did so much to drive the American people away from such celebrations.

We hope and urge, however, that writers and editors, playwrights and scenario writers, radio program builders and musicians, turn to little used or untapped American sources for true stories, thrilling stories of real Americans that can be retold in present day terms for the enjoyment, the inspiration and the restored pride of the American people.

It appears from current publishers' lists, Broadway offerings and movie production schedules that such a program already is underway.

The Drama of Medicine

THE belief that science—particularly the fields of medical research—offers a rich field for the writer in search of material for stories and articles of adventure, struggle, sacrifice and achievement has been expressed frequently in *THE QUILL*.

We would like at this time to single out a splendid example of the sort of article we have been talking about—an article telling of scientific advancement in human, understandable terms. The sort of writing

that does for medical research what Prof. Jones is advocating for the historical field.

The article is "Magic Pill," by J. D. Ratcliff, and it appeared in the Dec. 10 issue of *Collier's*.

Mr. Ratcliff tells an absorbing story of the quest for a means of conquering pellagra—the starvation disease that has struck down thousands who didn't have enough of the proper foods—and of the magic white pill, nicotine acid amide, that resulted.

We believe you will find it intensely interesting and stimulating—an excellent job of relating scientific research in human and dramatic fashion.

Paul Y. Anderson

JUST what it was that prompted Paul Y. Anderson—Pulitzer prize winner, outstanding Washington correspondent and tireless prober for the truth—to bring his life to a close probably never will be known to the world—but that journalism has lost an important figure is apparent to all.

"Tired of living" at 45, he terminated a career of truth-seeking that will live long in journalistic annals. The world will not soon forget the man who "broke" the Teapot Dome story; who sat at the side of investigators and suggested penetrating questions that broke through clouds of evasion; sought the truth and then related it in brilliant fashion.

May others take up the burden where he left off—continue the battle for truth which left him at 45 too weary, perhaps too discouraged, to carry on.

American Newsprint

THE American newspaper world will watch with a great deal of interest the development of the \$3,750,000 newsprint plant soon to begin operations at Lufkin, Texas. If the mill lives up to the three-fold expectations of its sponsors—the advantage of lower newsprint price to consumer, rehabilitation of a large portion of the South through employment and the utilization of quick-growing slash pine—other mills are certain to follow, all playing an important part in the future of the South and American publishing.

Our congratulations to the men who have fought so long and so sincerely for this project—also to *Newsdom* which has carried on such a determined editorial campaign in its behalf.

An Artificial Lung for Every Town!

HERE'S an editorial campaign on which we'd like to see every newspaper in America—weekly semi-weekly or daily—embark, the procurement of an artificial lung for every community throughout the land.

No one knows when the dread germ of infantile paralysis may strike—or whom it may strike. No one knows when the need for an artificial lung may arise. Is your community equipped with one of these life-savers? Is one sufficient—what do your doctors say?

Harold Teen

[Concluded from page 7]

way or the other whether it did or not. One day, the *Tribune* decided to drop it from the paper—and did. The following morning hundreds of letters, mostly from high school kids from all over the country, started coming in. All requested the same answer—"Why wasn't Harold Teen in the paper today?" Within a few days, "Harold" was back again, this time to stay!

YOUTH went on a rampage during the Jazz Age, which, in case you've forgotten, was only 15 years ago. Remember the flapper, the bell-bottomed trousers, the plus-fours, the marked-up tin Lizzie? Well, Carl was responsible for most of these dress styles and mannerisms. He first introduced them in his strip! Carl is also the cause for the autographed sweat-shirts, illustrated raincoat, broad-toe shoe, gedunk sundaes, and other habits and phrases that have enlivened the American youth during its adolescent stage for nearly two decades.

His strip soon became a hot-bed of hacha-cha chatter, originating and reflecting the American slang, crazes and rages of the younger generation. And most important of all, Carl, through his comic strip characters Harold, Lillums, Shadow, Pop Jenks, Sister Josie and Poison Pembroke, has helped a little to promote honesty, clean living and good sportsmanship among the kids of today.

No success story would be complete if it didn't have some mention of Hollywood in it. The *Glamour City* called our hero in 1928. It developed that Warner Brothers were interested in making a feature picture of Carl's comic. They believed that comic strip characters were real folks in printers' ink, which after all is pretty much the truth.

Next to cartooning Carl likes the movies best (no crack intended, Ed), so he was soon heading west to help the movie men select the cast. When completed, the picture (a silent) had Arthur Lake as "Harold" and Mary Brian (now a star) as "Lillums." Oh, yes, a very young chap named Mervyn Le Roy produced it. The picture was also his first job as a movie director.

"Harold Teen" is the only comic to be made into a movie twice. The second one was made in sound in 1933 and featured Flo Ziegfeld's dancing star Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson (now of 20th Century-Fox) as the two principal characters. Both films made money.

"Teen" was also the first comic cartoon on the radio. It was put on station WGN in 1928 and ran for five years. As a comic of the 'teen age, "Harold" is still going strong today, despite the many imitators.

In the olden days, you could spot an artist at 200 yards. He either wore a black, flowing tie or hadn't been to a barber in years. There's no such identification marks about Mr. Ed. Carl looks and talks like the average American businessman. He's still very neat about his appearance.

He's strictly a home-body and is fond of children and dogs—big ones.

Lately, he has been putting on some poundage and hopes to knock it off soon by bowling and golf. He shoots a neat 90 on the fairways and rolls an average 175 on the alleys. At his home, which is in Evanston, Ill., Carl has a well-equipped electrical shop in his basement. He loves to take things apart to see what makes them tick. He says it's good for the nerves. He doesn't often put them back together again.

He's very easy to get along with. Is a fatalist and is inherently lazy. Office deadlines keep him moving. He also loves to read. Because of his strip, Carl has to keep up with the present, very often a step or two ahead of it. Most of his mate-

rial is obtained by keeping tab on the younger generation in high schools, particularly in Evanston, and by his association with his 18-year-old daughter, Donna Jean, now a student at Connecticut College for Women in New London. She's his real pal.

For a guy with such a short name, Carl Ed has come a long way. He certainly has proven that Shakespeare was right when he made that crack, "What's in a name."

Members of the feature writing class of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga., edited a special homecoming edition of the *Atlanta Georgian* Nov. 26, the day of the annual Georgia-Georgia Tech football game.

Advertising Men!

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